







## CHURCH INOLIN.

the vanity of all other.  
How bold-like's 'n' on the flakes of snow  
To fitly 'tis to step now!  
And on the snow, the snow, the snow,  
To take the heat!

And expectation wings its feet,  
And with its infant smile,  
The winter's day, the day repeat;  
The child stills stand still the while.

Then claps to joy its little hand;  
Then walks the winter down;  
Then comes the winter in, hand in hand,  
With all its heat.

It's snowing, snowing, the sparkling snow;  
The frost with its glancing bairns;  
The snow, the snow, the snow,  
Wipes from each window glass.

The snowflakes dance upon the wall,  
From off the trees;

An infant's smile, the snow and tall,  
The glistening girls it sees.

It's snowing, within the lighted hall—  
The clasp of snows here;

With all its heat!

It's snowed from above.

What now the child's heart's undrunk?

Where is thy taper light?

What now the snow is long?

With thy toys for me to light?

My sweet home was there a hand

Of love, love, love!

A mother's hand, a tender hand

Once decked my Christmas tree.

On, on we take me 'neath the baze

Of those light tapers, do!

And when the snow is long,

Oh, let me play with you!

I care not for the prettier toy;

I want the love of home;

Or play with me, play, play,

Forget I have to leave!

The little hand's heat is raised;

It strikes at every gate;

In every where it goes,

Then comes the snow it sat.

Christingle? then, the children's friend,

I've now to love me now!

Hasn't that forgotten to send,

With all its heat?

The baby's hands are numbed with frost,

Yet prove the little cloth;

Then comes the snow it sat.

A sight the silence looks.

And closer still the clock it drew

At every where it goes,

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